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AN

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH

Of the HONOURABLE

Mr. ROBERT BOYLE.

Ebeu! fugaces, Poſthume, Poſthume,
Labuntur anni: nec pietas moram
Rugis & inſtanti ſenectæ
Afferet, indomitæque Morti.
Ergo Quintilium *perpetuus ſopor*
Urget? cui Pudor, & Juſtitiæ ſoror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ullum invenient parem?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit:
Nulli flebilior quam mihi. Horat. Od.

OXFORD,

Printed by *L. Lichfield*, for *Chr. Coningsby*, at the Golden *Turks-Head* over againſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleetſtreet*, LONDON. 1692.

26. March.

By Matthew Morgan

AN

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH

OF the HONOURABLE

Mr. ROBERT BOYLE.

Heu! fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni: nec pietas moram
Rugis & instanti senectæ
Adferet, indomitæque Morti.
Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
Urget? cui Pudor, & Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ullum inveniet parem?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit:
Nulli flebilior quam mihi. Horat. Od.

OXFORD,

Printed by L. Lichfield, for Chr. Cowingsby, at the
Golden Three-Head over against St. Dunstan's
Church in Fleetstreet, LONDON. 1692.

TO

My Much Esteem'd Friend,

T. N. Esq;

YOU have exacted the severest Test
In sending me so mournful a Request,
That I should on this doleful Matter write,
And like his *Noctiluca* shine by Night:
If copious Grief like Rage might make a Verse,
I can lament, but can't adorn his Herse.
Parnassus now nothing but *Cypress* wears,
If *Aganippe* flowes it must with Tears:
My trembling Muse cannot the Task perform,
But droops like *Turtles* batter'd by a Storm,
Who are surpris'd before they shelter get,
She cannot fly when both her Wings are wet:
My Sorrow now above its source doth rise,
Before I write I must discharge my Eyes.
This faint Attempt on others may prevail,
In Prose to finish where my Verse must fail;
The best Historian of our *British* Isle
Might here employ the Beauties of his Stile;
Now an Illustrious Subject he hath got,
Greater than all the painful *Plutarch* wrote:
He rais'd our Reformation from the Dust,
Clear'd it from Calumnies of Wrath and Lust;
He shew'd that purer Motives did provoke
Our Ancestors to break the *Romish* Yoke,
And Records justify'd each Word he spoke:
Then he did skilfully his Portraite draw,
Who living was the Oracle of Law;

With ſtrict Integrity did himſelf demean,
~~His Heart was honeſt, and his Hands were clean:~~
~~He with a righteous poiſe did hold the Scales,~~
And his Name anſwer'd to the Balance, *Hales*;
That fruitful Monoſyllable implies
All that is Learned, or Devout, or Wiſe:
Until a fuller Payment in doth come
Accept this ſmall and tributary Summ:
Sure there's a ſtrong Contagion in the Air,
'Tis not an Age our Loſſes can repair.

Syd'nam did firſt unto the Stroke ſubmit
With all his Judgment, Elegance and Wit;
Nothing he knew did peeviſhly with-hold,
But with ingenuous Honeſty he told;
He had a *Roman* Gallantry of Mind,
He was a Benefactor to Mankind:
Each peccant Humor freely did chaſtiſe,
And without Fees doth all the World adviſe.
He reſcu'd us from that familiar Curſe,
To be with Cordials ſtifl'd by a Nurſe;
Their choaking Houſhold-methods did defeat,
Oppos'd his Cold to their exceſs of Heat;
And thoſe his temperate *Regimen* did ſave,
Who otherwiſe were deſtin'd to the Grave:
This nauſeous Foe both Sexes doth infeſt,
But of fair Lineaments a dreadful peſt;
Unto the Ladies chiefly is unkind,
And barbarous marks of Triumph leaves behind.

Then *Lower* Dy'd who had ſo many heal'd,
The Muſcle he ſo well deſcrib'd did yield;
As Blood in it's ſwift ſallies from the Heart
Doth convey Nouriſhment to every part,
So thoſe two Qualities in his Stile you meet,
It is as Florid and it flowes as Sweet;
But now the Fortreſs doth demoliſh'd ly,
And the wet Ditch about it is drawn dry.

And now Great Boyle is raviſht from our ſide,
A purer Sacrifice ne're the Altar dy'd;
All proſperous Omens in his Life did ſhine,
But from his Entrails we can none divine:

Let

Let Death her trifling Queſtions now diſcuſs,
And cut down all the Shrubs in *Libanus*;
Our ſtock of Funeral Sorrow now is ſpent,
We ha'nt one Drop their ruine to lament;
A Tree of the firſt Eminence he ſtood,
He ſhaded and protected all the Wood:
Here perſecuted Birds did ſhelter gain,
The Boughs were ſpreading, delicate the Grain.
Painters when vers'd in their ingenuous Art
Acquire their Fame from drawing each his part;
One limns the drouſy ſweetneſs of the Eyes,
Where with the Original the Copy vies:
Another finely doth the Colours ſpread,
And mixeth up the charming White and Red;
One with a jolly roundneſs plumps the Hip,
And ſwells the pouting, male-contented Lip;
Another, he in Drapery is bold,
Makes Garments with a looſe and eaſy fold:
But he is juſtly celebrated Great,
Who all the Features can with Skill compleat.
But here the Task more difficult we find,
To draw the Landskipt of ſo vaſt a Mind;
For here his Soul with juſt Grandeur doth riſe,
And there in low Humility it lies;
Emergent Notions conſtantly did ſpring,
And ſtill freſh Seeds did loaded Harveſts bring:
There you a Proſpect had with full delight,
And only Heaven did terminate your ſight;
A liquid Chryſtal there her Waters ſhows,
Juſt ſo his Eloquence like a River flows;
With a ſtrong, limpid Current it did ſmile,
Convey'd Fertility like the pregnant *Nile*;
Nothing of Barrenneſs could e're be ſeen,
But a Succeſſion ſtill of verdant Green.
Ripe Fruit from hopeful Bloſſoms early ſprung,
To gain Experience he Travell'd young;
Lik'd theirs, but reverenc'd his Native Tongue:
Did not his Strength on Forreign Vices waſt,
Modeſt in *France*, in *Italy* was Chaſt.

Tho' now the Modish Traveller doth please,
If he brings home a more refin'd Disease;
Can tell the *Tennis-Courts*, and all the *Messes*
How many Leagues from *Paris* to *Versailles*;
What *Point*'s in Fashion, what *Amours* are New,
What *Marques* last to *Madam* prov'd untrue.
BOYLE learn'd their Customes, Polity & Laws,
Had their Accomplishments without their Flaws;
No Ribaldry did offend the tender Ear,
A Vestal Virgin his Discourse might hear;
Each Word he utter'd had a Grain of Salt,
And rigid *Cato* could not find a Fault.
As Wine ferments tumultuous in the Must,
This is the first incitement unto Lust;
Our Eyes and Ears are the sly *Avenues*
Which make the Sacred Monastry a Stews;
Then feign'd Romances and lascivious Plays
The Flame unto a higher pitch do raise:
Here Phantasms thro a Labyrinth you pursue,
The Turns are dangerous, and false the Clue;
The Muse that was but moderately Clean,
The Mask pull'd off is on the Stage Obscene:
And now each dawbing Pencil *Venus* draws,
Naked she Courts the Theatre's applause;
In such luxurious shapes She doth entice,
Men do not dread, but are in love with Vice:
We into things forbidden quickly rush,
When once we've overcome the Maiden Blush.
To Revelation he his Reason brought,
Altho in other things he freely thought;
The mistick Lock doth disappoint the Key,
But where he could not open did Obey:
If busy doubts did Sceptically rise,
He either stop'd or Conquer'd the surprise:
Did each Opinion very finely scarse,
The Sun did all the Mists it rais'd, disperse:
The Church of *England* chiefly did applaud,
Who to assert her needs no pious Fraud;
She doth not hallow wax, nor Christen Bells,
Nor is supported with false Miracles:

Is not ſevere with Axes, or the Rod;
Nor on a Wafer ſtamps an Infant God:
It doth not legendary Stories tell,
Lies 'cording to your Faith, and Purſe they fell:
She doth not think that when her Members Dy,
In Culinary Embers they muſt Fry;
'Tis not ſufficient here to have the Croſs,
But there the fire muſt purify the Droſs.
So they in *Egypt* milk-white Eggs do take,
And make the brooding Hens their Neſts forſake;
They a more genial Warmth on them beſtow,
For Incubation is a Proceſs ſlow;
Where the ſharp Artiſt wearies out his Eyes,
To make his gradual diſcoveries;
How the Artificer doth knit each joynt,
The *Cicatricula* and *Salient* Point:
But here of Living Fleſh they draw a Batch,
For they in Ovens all their Chicken Hatch;
So when the Catholick Soul releaſment begs,
Which is the Offspring of unhappy Eggs,
After the payment of her Spiritual Hoſt,
She is let looſe to go to Heaven to Rooſt.

He in his Cenſures could not cruel be,
To thoſe who did in Trivials diſagree;
'Tis want of tender Bowels, and our Pride,
We'd ſave our ſelves, and damn the world beſide:
Nor *Guelph*, nor *Gibeline* upon him did fall,
He like to *Atticus* was belov'd by all;
Tho' they in ſeveral parties did Combine,
Yet in Admiring him they all did join.
A numerous Poor ſubſiſted by his Bread,
And were with daily Diſtributions fed;
Objects of private Pity he did chooſe,
But obvious Ones in ſtreets could not refuſe;
He after thoſe did anxiouſly enquire,
Who ruin'd were by Shipwrack, or by Fire;
Or thoſe who were Conſum'd with Age and Pain,
And yet a competent Subſtance could not gain;
A ſecret Moth their Fortune undermines,
Their hopes blown up, abortive their deſigns.

He was the Comforter of modeſt grief,
He gave, and did ſolicit their Relief;
Not the leaſt Blemiſh did his Morals taint,
Liv'd a Philoſopher, and Dy'd a Saint.
The World's a Syſtem of great Villany,
He with regret did all their Vices ſee,
But from Appearances himſelf was free;
Did not Revenge under a Smile conceal,
Nor did he call extravagant Paſſion, Zeal.
He with a liberal humour would rejoice,
And yet he was Abſtemious out of choice,
But his Auſterities did not Sour his Blood,
Was very Sociable, yet ſtrictly Good.
All for Inſtruction did to him reſort,
The Learned did his Correſpondence court,
And they enjoy'd the freedome of the Port;
They carry'd rich Commodities away,
Which with great Intereſt recompenc'd their ſtay.
Attention they did not in vain conſume,
Gold did Enrich, and Spices did Perfume.
He to all Tempers did his Genius fit,
His Labours Solid, and his Mirth was Wit;
He did digeſt the Books he did devour,
He ſpent not one unprofitable hour;
Either he as a Chymiſt did Refine,
Or read the Scriptures like a good Divine,
And ſcarce one Moment paſt without a Line:
Of Commentators he fil'd off the ruſt,
And every Tranſlation would not truſt;
He with the Surface would not be content,
But with a Plummet to the Bottome went;
His wonted Diligence he did apply,
To learn a Language that was harſh and dry;
Tho a rough Guide did lead him by the hand,
It did conduct him to the promis'd Land,
Where Nature her delicious Fruits hath ſtor'd,
A ſingle Grape a Vintage doth afford.
His generous Courtely was always ſuch,
He thought he never could Oblige too much.

He to all Ranks did meekly condescend,
'Twas his Civility that made him bend;
Tho' Sickness without Truce a War did wage,
He still prop'd up the Ruins of his Age,
And that he shun'd so long the fatal Dart,
It was his greatest Specimen of Art;
In spight of Years he kept himself upright,
Till the Weight falling on him crush'd him quite.

He did perform what others only boast,
And each Experiment did refund its Cost;
The shining Pillar of his Chymick Flame,
To our erroneous Minds a Guide became,
Which through the Desart did point out our way,
And us thro' intricate Errors did convey;
Aquinas like his Title was not bright,
And *Scotus* was involv'd in Mystick Night,
Both made Crepuscular, and doubtful Light;
They hunted one another in a Wood,
Quarrel'd for that which neither understood;
You *Paracelsus* Insolence can't endure,
He pompous was, and *Helmont* is obscure;
We are with barbarous Remedies o're-run,
Essence of Stars, and Tincture of the Sun;
A *Rosicrucian* Secrets doth pursue,
He fails because his ground-work is not true,
To immense Summs he blindly doth Aspire,
Offers his Children to the *Molock* Fire;
He drowns their cries with noise of fancy'd Gold,
Like heaps of Usury by the Bankers told;
And when that the phantastick Web is spun,
He finds himself and Family undone.

Boyle's Thoughts on what was useful still were spent,
Nothing that was Destructive did Invent;
His Days and watchful Nights he did employ,
Mankind to Benefit, and not Destroy:
Like to the dismal Fryar in his Cell,
Who first found out that Stratagem of Hell;
When he together did Ingredients Brew,
Swift Death upon the Wings of *Nitre* flew;

Upon their Models Armies do advance,
And they push on the Victories of *France*;
Where e're that haughty Monarch doth appear,
A Monk's his Confessor and Engineer;
The Rudiments in *Verulam* were drawn,
And then Philosophy began to dawn;
It rose with such a bright, auspicious Ray,
'Twas a fair hostage for a clearer day:
The Great St. *Albans* fell into disgrace,
And slight Concussions made him lose his Place;
But it was Royal Envy shot him Dead,
And this struck off Unparallel'd *Rawleigh*'s Head:
Had *Bacon* to one Talent been confin'd,
A Star of the first Magnitude had shin'd;
He did neglect the Functions of his Gown,
So from the Precipice he tumbl'd down;
Whilst he was drawing Schemes they took the Town.
Then at some distance *Wilkins* did succeed,
Our captive Reason he entirely Free'd;
Justly Restor'd, she the Ascendant gains,
When Barbarous Ignorance held her long in Chains:
This gave to several Factions discontent,
To see the Change of Ancient Government;
Jokes did descend from Father to the Son,
They in the beaten Road went jingling on;
With a grave Pace and solemn Look did tread,
Were with implicit Bells like horses led;
It was the vicious Clenching of the Age,
It might divert upon *Ben Johnson*'s Stage
But *Andrew*'s real worth it did abate,
Tarnish'd his stile, his sense did defecrate;
He great Advantage from those studies drew,
Which do instruct us how to Argue true;
He in his Temper to the World was kind,
Would them unite in Language, and in Mind;
His Projects in an higher Orb did move,
He'd fix a Commerce with the Stars above;
For by our Glasses what we take to be
Spots in the Lunar Disc, are Earth and Sea:

Then we ſhould like unto *Elijah* fly
In Fiery Chariots through the liquid Sky;
When he upon this fancy'd Subject writ,
'Twas an exalted Eſſay of his Wit;
Agreeably he did our thoughts Amuſe,
All other Theories he reduc'd to Uſe;
Learning and Goodneſs had their proper Sphere,
Was a great Prelate, and Philoſopher.

In *Geoponicks Evelin* doth excel,
Gardens and Woods none underſtands ſo well,
Knows the minuteſt Seeds, each Plant enfolds,
And all the vaſt diverſity of Molds;
What proper Earth accomodates each Tree,
Diſtinguiſheth their Claſs and Pedigree;
Moreland doth Fountains to their ἀκμὴ raiſe,
Vers'd in their Serpentine and Crooked ways;
One Water hath improv'd, the other Soil,
Fire and elaſtick Air belong to Boyle,
His curious Engine doth pump out our Breath,
And there you ſee the Agonies of Death,
Which fearful Nature by degrees diſrobes,
For the Conveyances of Life are *Lobes*.
To try how this Experiment doth paſs,
Shut a Domeſtick *Tigre* in a Glaſs;
Stop all the pervious *Avenues* with Clay,
Drain her almoſt unto the laſt decay,
With the ſtrong efforts, when ſhe groans and heaves,
A pungent Salt expiring Life retrieves.
He like a wiſe Interpreter did unfold
All the *Arcana* both of Heat and Cold;
Our Vital Flame Analogous to a Lamp,
Which Death extinguiſheth with her mortal damp;
A ſtirious piece of water did confound,
When the ſoft Weapon melted in the wound;
His vivid Colours entertain our ſight,
'Tis an Elizian Subject, Fields of Light;
Ultra-marine of *Lapis Lazuli*,
Is a bright Rival to the Azure Sky;
None but Kings Palaces this ſtone ſhould hold,
A Purple 'tis, inlaid with ſtreaks of Gold.

Then Gems, a Subject he ſo well hath done,
Are the peculiar Favorites of the Sun;
On other things his Beams he thinly lays,
Here he's Compact, and doth condenſe his Rays:
He like an Artiſt Phyſick underſtood,
And us'd it as a more diffuſive Good;
Great pleaſure in thoſe Contemplations plac'd,
Nature thro' all her wild *Meanders* trac'd:
Knew for what proper uſe each place did ſerve,
Follow'd the Foot-ſteps of each winding Nerve;
He view'd the ſeat of Hypocondriack Bile,
And all the ſubtle paſſages of Chile;
He ſaw the curious Net-work of the Brain,
The *Lympheducts* and every *Lacteal* Vein.
He gave to Medals juſtly their eſteem,
But in thoſe ſtudies did not too much Dream;
Did not upon them lay too great a ſtreſs,
Nor doated on an Antiquated Dreſs;
If genuine they to Hiſtory give a light,
And in Chronology they ſet you right;
But often falſe do for the true ones paſs,
They cheat in Gold, in Silver and in Braſs:
In *Otho* and *Vitellius* is deceit,
And they *Peſcennius Niger's* counterfeit.
In Gardens he did recreate his ſenſe,
Walk'd their *Parterres* with the firſt Innocence;
He did not load his memory with words,
(A Miſer ſo his idle Treaſure hoards;)
Herbs he employ'd unto a nobler uſe,
He into wholeſom Med'cines ſqueez'd their juice:
Then the Exotick Plants he did ſurvey,
Which did his Curioſity defray;
For there he ſaw the melancholy Tree
Fold up its ſelf by day and cloiſter'd be;
Phœbus another *Daphne* hath in chace,
Can't Importune her into one embrace;
But to his paler Rival ſhe doth yield,
Who when he's down uſurps the quitted field;
Her tender Spirits he doth roughly treat,
And them diſperſe with too intenſe an heat;

But the weak Moon with a more languid Ray,
Draws the Sap forth, and doth her Leaves display.
Study he did not intermit, but change,
When he more freely had a mind to range;
Then he ran over all the Ages past,
Saw in what models Governments were Cast;
By what insensible degrees they thrive,
And what false steps of growth doth them deprive;
For some are Dwarfs, and some Gigantick Tall,
Like to a Weather-glass they rise and fall:
Of Policy he saw the smallest springs,
The change of States, vicissitude of Kings;
Guards to the Good, bright Constellations are,
A Tyrant hath not one propitious Star;
He to Antiquity was very just,
And yet he did not load himself with dust;
Those to the Metals who themselves confine,
Are tinctur'd with the Colour of the Mine;
Sometimes a *Pease-bloom-damp* puts out their sight,
And subterranean *Daemons* them do fright;
Are the Sulphurean Guardians of the Ore,
Which we in current Images adore;
We should not study beyond such a mark,
Least we too far do wander in the dark;
Like those who are to gloomy *Caverns* sent,
This is inflicted as a punishment;
They make the Prisoner from his Dungeon rise,
A sudden splendor dazleth out his Eyes,
So this rebates the keenness of our sight,
When darted on by Subjects that are bright:
This Age for former Negligence atones,
With *Selden*'s Marbles, and with *Gruter*'s Stones.
Ireland is by indulgent Nature freed
From all those Creatures which do Venom breed,
And sometimes she her Natives doth produce,
Men of the meekest Souls, and softest Juice:
This Influence on her Favorites doth fall,
Gentle as Doves, and born without a Gall;
Candor to them is *Medes* and *Persians* Law,
Ambition did not swell, nor Envy gnaw:

In Boyle and *Usher* we this temper find,
Who were the moſt Obliging of Mankind;
He practic'd every Doctrine that he taught,
And with all ſtores of Learning he was fraught;
To the ſublimeſt pitch of Knowledge flew,
Nothing to him was hid, no Book was new:
Him as a Prodigy let his Country tell,
None ever Writ, or ever Liv'd ſo well:
Then as the credit of our Northern Air,
Boyle came to make a Celebrated pair;
Learning is Ship-wrack'd on the *Spaniſh* Coaſt,
And they have no Philoſophers to boaſt:
An Age hath ſlip'd, and not one Art hath gain'd,
Cervantes long ago their humor drain'd;
In *Italy* then *Galileo* writ,
Malpigius too, that moſt portentous Wit;
He to the World that Secret did impart,
That Trees have Lungs, a Midriff and an Heart:
The other they did in a Priſon lay,
Becauſe to Heaven he found another way.
Ungrateful *Athens* thus her Sons did treat,
When they with too much Vertue were grown great;
And thus rapacious hands on him did ſeiſe,
Who firſt aſſerted the *Antipodes*:
France hath a double ſhare of Learned Men,
Salmaſius with his ſmooth and eaſy Pen;
Cartes for ſubtilty the Prize doth win,
He all his Bowels out in Silk doth ſpin,
The fineneſs of his Notions makes them thin:
Gaſſendus doth deſerve the ſecond ſtall,
But Muſick made *Merſennus* Whimſical;
Poiret by all the World is juſtly hiſt,
A dull *Enthuſiaſt*, a crack'd *Platoniſt*;
Malebranch muſt for a Nervous Writer ſtand,
Then the reſerves, *Du Hamel* and *Le Grand*;
But the triumphant Warriers of the Liſts,
Are the Ingenious, ſolid *Janſeniſts*;
Their comely Morals a *Decorum* keep,
They taught us how to think, and how to ſpeak.

And now they're rendezvous'd, our Champion call,
Him ſingle we'll oppoſe unto them all,
We all their Competitions will afford,
With the belov'd, the honor'd Name of BOYLE:
He in Philology was profoundly Vers'd,
Poets and Orators fluently rehears'd;
He never them ſuperfluouſly did quote,
But a new peice of Knowledge to promote:
Authors that were Obſcene he did deteſt,
He did ſelect the cleaneſt and the beſt;
Learning into the Deſert did withdraw,
War baniſh'd that as it doth ſilence Law:
Like *Arethuſa* it went under ground,
After ſuch lengths of time it did rebound;
Did with freſh ſtreams upon the ſurface ſpread,
The *Amphisbæna* had a double head;
Truth for protection to a cloiſter flies,
And there by Monks corrupted was with Lyes;
The Sanctuary worſe than life at large,
For here the Guardian did debauch his charge;
The clouds were ſcatter'd and the day began,
In refin'd *Petrarch* and *Politian*.

BOYLE Nature in her niceſt Movements ſaw,
With ſympathiſing Atomes ſhe doth draw,
Her Load-ſtone Iron, ſhining Amber Straw:
This viſcous Gem the Sea on *Pruſſia* throws,
And falling little Creepers doth encloſe;
The provident *Ant* was once a Captive made,
Surpris'd as it was wandring in the ſhade;
The Tree exuded and the little Fop
Was ſtrait impriſon'd in a yellow drop;
So he that living was obſcurely hid,
Now lay entomb'd within a Pyramid:
But BOYLE a wondrous ſtory doth relate,
For all that's Curious he's deſign'd by Fate;
That in a Sanguine Ladies bluſhing Face,
(Nature her Wonders there doth always place)
Blood was to ſuch a fine conſiſtence wrought,
In the Balſamick Net her Locks were caught;

The Curls are faſten'd to the Cheeks which glow,
The women thought that ſhe had gum'd too low;
She did not dawb with falſe Complection thick,
For then the hair might in the mortar ſtick;
Native it was, and pure *Vermilion* all,
And the attraction was *Electrical:*
Now ſet this mirror with ſuch luſtre deckt,
That there each Noble-man may his face reflect;
Make it the Topick of his emulous ſtrife,
How he may imitate ſuch a ſpotleſs life:
Honor is bought, and great Attendance hir'd,
But it is Learning only that's acquir'd;
Theſe like dead weights uneaſily are born,
They load, but only Knowledg doth adorn;
'Tis our prerogative above the Brutes,
There is a ſort of glimmering ſenſe in Roots;
Traces of Reaſon you in Beaſts may mark,
Of a faint Jewel an imperfect ſpark;
Outdo the Fox in ſtratagem if you can,
Grave as a *Viſier* in a full *Divan*;
There was a brave reſentment in an Horſe,
And the *Braſilian Parrot* can diſcourſe.
He in a barren Soil his Seeds did plant,
And ſuccor'd Ignorance, the greateſt want;
All paſſages of Counſel Pride doth ſhut,
But *Cataracts* may be Couch'd, and *Films* are Cut;
The rays of Viſion that entirely ſtops,
For wiſe Inſtructors do deſpair of Fops;
Thoſe are Enlighten'd after pains endur'd,
But the Conceited Wretch can ne're be Cur'd;
Envy by ravenous *Wolves*, and *Harpies* drawn,
The Foam of *Cerberus*, of *Styx* the Spawn;
Who rails at Mountains living in the Vale,
And others Sanguine looks do make her Pale;
So ſtrong a mind could not her Captive make,
Could not inſinuate with the ſmalleſt Snake;
And when of ſuch a Prize the Fury miſt,
Did grind her Teeth, and all her Serpents hiſt:
No Age with Wonders teeming did bring forth
Any ſuperior to him in Worth;

He

He with a Gaiety of Temper charm'd,
The Froward of their Anger he diſarm'd;
He wonder'd why ſo furious they became,
For his own Breaſt did never feel the Flame;
He all the Battering Rams with ſoftneſs broke,
His Patience, not his Sickneſs did provoke;
Repeated ſhocks of Pain did make him faint,
But all could not extort the leaſt Complaint:
His Mind inflexible did in vain attack,
Walk'd in the Furnace, ſung upon the Rack;
Tho Tortur'd yet could ſtill reſolve a Doubt,
Reaſon'd like *Poſſidonius* with the Gout.
And now he's mix'd with the Angelick Race,
Only of Happineſs hath chang'd the place;
For whilſt below he ſtill enjoy'd a Calm,
Now doth embrace the Tree which drop'd the (Balm:
His Body's in a richer Mantle clad,
But nothing to his righteous Soul can add;
Rome chiefly did that Purple Veil extol,
Which deck'd *Jove*'s Temple in the Capitol;
Did the *Plebeian* Race of Light out-ſhine,
Of that the ſtrong Reflections were Divine:
So all things were Eclips'd by mighty BOYLE,
The brighteſt Wits were unto his a Foil.
Marriage to be a Lottery he thought,
In which your happineſs is too dearly bought;
The venture in this Game of chance doth riſe,
Above the real value of the Prize:
He of decaying Beauty was not fond,
But Friendſhip was his firm and laſting Bond;
Without allay this is a Virgin-Ore,
And his Friend was his deareſt *Lindamor*;
The Tie is now Conſummated above,
Where he enjoys his own *Seraphick Love*;
Death from the Body did his Soul releaſe,
The ſeat of each pragmatical Diſeaſe;
A wound inflicted deeply turns the Brain,
Then you are twiſted with *Arthritick* pain;
With Cold you ſhiver, and are ſcorch'd with Heat,
The Gout conſtrains the hands, and binds the feet;

You with the Palſy are but juſt alive,
Half of himſelf the Patient doth ſurvive:
Then the whole Syſtem with the Scurvey jarrs,
You're drown'd in Dropſies, ſtrangled wth Catarrs;
An Apoplexy doth attack the Head,
He Bow'd, & where he Bow'd, he fell down Dead:
Each trivial accident doth Death provoke,
A Grape-ſtone did the ſweet *Anacreon* Choke;
From griping Talons once an Oyſter fell
On *Æſchylus*, and broke a finer Shell:
The Stone doth for your utmoſt Patience call,
It is an hard, concreted Mineral;
The vertue of the Magnet it will feel,
Out of it draws ſmall Particles of Steel:
With legion of Torture it is full,
Beyond the Rack, or *Phalaris*'s Bull;
From all things that occur we Death may fear,
Judge right and we are Ship-wrack'd everywhere.
Come in the Vault the noble Body lay,
The mournful Relicks of his precious Clay;
We need not here condoling Women hire,
With real Grief we're ready to expire:
Let Clouds of Incenſe mount unto the Sky,
Throw of, and let the Imperial Eagle fly,
Which in the Clefts of lofty Rocks is caught,
The lively Image of his towring Thought:
Boyle was as Generous, tho not ſo Fierce,
His Judgment like the others Eyes did Pierce;
On Objects worthy of his Mind did fix,
His Notions won't with any others mix:
Let him within thoſe hallow'd Entrails reſt,
With a more laſting ſolitude now Bleſt,
Till the World labours with a ſecond Birth,
Whirl-winds ſhall ſhake the Center of the Earth;
The Globe upon uncertain Hinges roles,
And one Convulſive Pang ſhall join the Poles;
Then the Arch-Angels laſt but dreadful ſound,
Shall wake the Nations ſleeping under Ground.
His Character's above my puny ſtrength,
Let a *Vandike* his Picture draw at length:

For him the richeſt Colours are too faint,
Phidias ſhould Carve him, and *Apelles* Paint;
A Volume his *Encomium* ſhould reſound,
A Poem, ſuch as mine's, a narrow Bound:
And here your Genius you hold in with Pain,
'Tis the moſt irkſome Province to contain.
Devouring Time ſhall not his Statue waſt,
But of his Wit the Monuments ſhall out-laſt
Duilius Pillar, and *Seleucus* League,
'Twas honeſt then but now it is intreague:
To his reſearch all Secrets lay unbar'd,
And nothing for his Wiſdom was too hard;
Underſtood Men, and every Science knew,
Was to the Practice of each Vertue True.
And now I've finiſh'd this unwelcome Theme,
Of Grief I might indulge a private Stream,
For *Thyrſis* and *Damætas* both are Dead,
And I am left behind a lump of Lead,
My Fate depends upon your ſingle Thread;
Therefore with Care pray cultivate your health.
For in your Cargo doth conſiſt my wealth;
I wiſh your Conſtitution ſtill ſerene,
Not a diſcolour'd Feature may be ſeen:
Bodies are follow'd by obſequious ſhades,
When Sickneſs makes you droop my Pleaſure fades;
I feel the previous ſymptoms of your Urn,
When the leaſt Feaver warms you, I muſt burn;
And when *Anomalous* Cold doth make you quake,
If in the torrid Zone, yet I muſt ſhake.
That which did kindle ſhall put out our light,
Our Needles the ſame Magnet did excite:
A Circle terminates where it firſt begins,
We'll dy like your *Hippocrates* his Twins;
As we in Life, in Death we'll be the ſame,
Our Piles ſhall make one Pyramid of Flame.

FINIS.